

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



NEARING THE SHORE.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER III.—DOWN CHANNEL.

Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!

—Byron.

HOW well she behaves!"
It was Tom Howard who said it. He and Captain Broad were standing together on the deck of the
No. 1437.—JULY 12, 1879.

ship Neptune near the wheel, to windward, watching the ship's head as it rose and fell, keeping her course steadily, though close to the wind, seldom falling off perceptibly, and always returning at the impulse of the helmsman as if the word "Luff, luff you may," had been addressed to the figure which projected from the bows, looking straight before it, with a trident in its hand and a wreath of gilt seaweed on its brow, instead of to the man at the wheel. The wind was blowing fresh, and the sea was rising, but

PRICE ONE PENNY.

that served only to show the good qualities of the vessel, for she made very good weather of it, and, though heavily laden, was buoyant upon the water, and kept her decks dry.

Tom had been at sea already four days. He had felt a little squeamish at first, and had not yet got over it; but he did not mean to give in, he said. He could not afford to be sea-sick in so short a voyage; and the fact that he had so many things to think about and talk about may have helped him to overcome the disposition he sometimes felt to do as others did who were not old sailors.

"How well she behaves!" he said to Captain Broad. "How jolly it is!"

"Yes," the captain answered. "She is a fine ship for her tonnage, and it is jolly to be at sea again, though there are some drawbacks, of course, to every enjoyment. I have had a longer spell on shore than usual this time, for the vessel wanted overhauling, and I like to feel the springing of the deck under my feet again, and the brushing of the spray across my face. A quick passage out and home again, though, is what I hope for."

Tom thought the captain was a little out of spirits, and wondered how that could be. There was nothing he would have liked so much at that moment as to be able to change places with Captain Broad. It was getting towards evening, and the captain, leaning against the bulwarks, was looking towards the shore, which was dimly visible on the starboard quarter.

"Do you see that lighthouse on the point yonder?" he said to Tom. "There over the bow to windward. You will see it better presently. We shall stand in as near to the shore as we can."

"I see it," said Tom. "It's not the lighthouse on the head near Sandy Frith that you were telling me about, is it? It can't be that."

"It is that," said the captain; "that and no other."

"Why then," the boy replied, "we must be getting near Abbotscliff."

"True."

"And I shall have to go ashore presently."

"In three or four hours' time perhaps. We can't land you just at the spot, you know; you must go where the pilot goes, and that's a little farther down the coast."

"What are they going to do?" Tom asked, observing that there was a movement upon deck.

"Taking a reef, that's all."

"It's blowing hard," Tom said, "and the wind is freshening."

"Not much," said the captain; "there's plenty of it, though; more than plenty for some of the young hands."

"Perhaps it will blow harder before night," said the boy.

"Not unlikely."

"Suppose it should come on to blow a gale, a regular gale; how would the pilot get ashore?"

"They have good sea-boats, the pilots; they can sail in any weather and face any sea almost. It must be a heavy gale that would stop a pilot from boarding a ship or leaving one."

"But if the sea were running very high the boat could not come alongside. How would they manage then?"

"We could fling a line, you know, or wait for the gale to moderate."

"I have heard of a pilot being unable to leave a ship, and being carried off with her on a long voyage."

"I see what you are thinking of, my lad. It is not likely to happen to you. Your thoughts are as keen to the sea as mine are just now to the shore."

The captain's eyes were directed towards the lighthouse as he spoke. His home was at Sandy Frith; he had told Tom Howard that his old mother lived there, and he always managed to spend a part of his spell on shore in her company. She would be thinking of him now, no doubt, as he of her. There were other and newer links which bound him to the spot, of which he did not intend to say much to a young boy, who would not be likely to sympathise with him on the subject.

"You will, maybe, go over and have a look at the place," the captain said. "It is only about a dozen miles from Abbotscliff, and there's a railway and a station. If you go there you can easily find out where Mrs. Broad lives, and she would like to see you, and to hear the latest news of the ship Neptune and her captain. And there's a man there of the name of Dean; he lives at the shipyard; he would very likely give you a sail in one of his boats."

"I'll go and see them both the very first time I can get leave," said Tom.

"Dean is a ship-builder; sailing-boats and such sort he builds; he is a very good kind of man and a great friend of mine. And there's his sister."

"What is her name?" Tom asked, feeling deeply interested at once in everything belonging to the shipyard.

"Her name is Dean, too, of course—Lucy Dean." Captain Broad uttered the name slowly and in a low voice, as if he were turning over a sweetmeat in his mouth.

"Lucy Dean! what a pretty name!" Tom exclaimed. "I'll go and see her too. How old is she? I mean, is she grown up?"

Tom had an idea that Lucy might possibly be a girl of somewhere about his own age, or he would not have asked such a question.

"Oh yes; she is grown up," said the captain, fixing his eyes again upon the lighthouse. "Oh yes; grown up? of course she is!"

Tom was struck with the captain's curious manner in speaking of Lucy Dean. He was usually plain and straightforward in everything he said, but now he seemed to be a little shy, if such a thing were possible, and Tom hardly knew whether he were pleased or not at the remark he had made about the name and the age. Perhaps the captain was thinking more of Lucy Dean than of his aged mother at that moment, and yet without any failure of filial love and duty. Lucy was young and active, and it was quite possible that she might be climbing that distant headland for the sake of the sea breezes, and—the look-out.

Tom had begun already to surmise that Captain Broad's regard for Lucy Dean was something of the Darby and Joan kind, and he thought Lucy must be a very happy woman. Some day she might sail with her husband in the Neptune.

"I shall like to see Lucy Dean," he said, presently.

"I hope you will get on well at school," the captain remarked, by way of avoiding explanations. "I hear it very well spoken of. You will have to be

careful about your companions, because there are boys of all sorts in a large school. Don't make any intimate friends until you have had time to find out all about them. A boy is often judged by his friends; a boy may soon get into difficulties through not being particular enough about his friends. I say this to you, Tom, because I can see that you are naturally very free of your company (among the sailors, for instance), and very simple."

"Am I?" said Tom, rather taken aback.

"Well, you have not seen much of the world yet."

"No; only Calcutta and London."

"He is simple," said the captain to himself; "and I don't want to make him different." Then addressing Tom, he said, "You are an open-hearted young fellow, and think everybody is as honest as yourself. That is what I call 'simple'—without guile and without suspicion. Well, keep to your own course; 'Straight forward' is your motto, I know; and if you find any of your schoolfellows sailing on a different tack, have nothing to do with them. Truth before everything, Tom. Truth is like light; it always travels in straight lines; try to do the same."

"Of course," said Tom; "I mean to."

"It is not so easy, though, as you seem to think. Why can't I lay my course to-day straight down Channel? Because the wind won't let me; it keeps chopping about in a baffling sort of way; but we go ahead on one tack or the other, notwithstanding, always making for the same point. So it will be with you. Be sure of your course, Tom, and then make for it the best way you can. Always keep going ahead, in spite of all difficulties. Keep to your chart; hold to your principles. Truth and honour, Tom, in spite of everything."

"Thank you, Captain Broad. It's what I mean to do. 'Straight forward' is my motto, as you say. You remember that, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember. That used to be a great word with you when you sailed with me from Calcutta five or six years ago."

"My father gave it me when he bade me good-bye, and told me never to forget it. I was very proud of it, and used to bring it out on all occasions. He often writes it now at the top of his letters, and sometimes he draws a crow on the wing in pen and ink."

"To be sure," said the captain; "it means the same thing—'straight forward, as the crow flies.'"

"Yes," said Tom; "but it means more than that, a great deal; my father told me so. He said I should know all about it some day. There is some secret meaning connected with it that I don't understand. In the meantime I am to take it for my motto, and act according to it."

"It is a very good motto," said the captain. "If it meant nothing else but going about your business in an honest, straightforward manner, and without any artful twistings and turnings, that's plenty. 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left.' There you have it again, in better words. Live up to it, Tom, and then you'll find out what it means, all in good time."

Captain Broad was called away at that moment by one of the officers, and Tom went below, his conscience smiting him for having left his mother alone in her cabin so long. Only a few hours remained now before he must take leave of her; and though

he could not altogether dismiss the hope that, as the wind was freshening, the pilot's departure might possibly be put off till daylight, he resolved not to leave her side again that evening, except, perhaps, for a few moments, to see how the weather fared.

It soon became evident that the weather was not improving. The ship laboured much more than before, and the whistling of the wind through the cordage was audible in the cabin above every other sound. Mrs. Howard clasped her son's hand within her own, and whispered to herself that she could not suffer him to go in the pilot's boat through such a tempest. Captain Broad was sent for more than once, and expressed his decided opinion that no danger need be anticipated. It was blowing hard, to be sure, but if they had been running before the wind instead of being close hauled they would not have felt it so much. The pilot's boat would not fail to come for him, and the pilot had no idea of any difficulty. Mrs. Howard only drew her boy nearer to herself, and felt as if it would be impossible to let him go. She wished he were already safe on shore. She blamed herself for having allowed him to accompany her so far on her voyage.

"What am I to do, Captain Broad?" she cried, in a piteous tone, when he came down at last to tell her that the boat was approaching and the pilot ready to quit the ship.

The captain looked at Tom instead of answering, and the boy understood him.

"Good-bye, mother!" he said, throwing his arms around her neck.

"Will you go, my darling?" she exclaimed; "will you go? Have you no fear?"

"No, mother; there is no danger, Captain Broad says so. I ought to go; I must go. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!"

Still she held him in her arms. She could not part with him, could not let him go forth into such peril. The wind roared and whistled through the rigging, and the splash of the spray, flying over the deck, made itself heard from time to time against the bulwarks. A seaman, who came in to fetch the young passenger's luggage, was dripping with the brine, and the gust of wind that followed him through the open door swept round the cabin like a whirlwind, carrying with it many things that happened to be in its way.

The mother lifted up her eyes to heaven. She was in despair. Although the storm seemed to her to be raging furiously, it was not possible for her to judge whether the passage to the shore would really be so full of peril as she imagined. The captain, she felt sure, would not allow her son to run any serious risk; the pilot himself would not venture if he thought it would be attended with hazard to himself, or even to his boat. The boy was fearless, and that helped to give her confidence. If he must go, he would rather, it seemed, go in the excitement of a rough and stormy sea than in quietness and calm. It suited his humour better, and served to dissipate the sadness of his thoughts at parting. Child as he was, he had confidence in the captain and the pilot. Might not she also have faith in One who is above all, and upon whose favour and goodness all alike depend? The waves were under His control; the winds were gathered in His hand. Her boy was going forth in the path of duty, and in reliance upon His providential care. If she could have gone with him she would not have been much alarmed; but to send him

forth alone! Yet not alone, she thought once more; no, not alone!

While the poor mother was thus arguing with herself, or rather with her fears, Captain Broad approached and laid his hand upon Tom's shoulder, not as if he would draw him away from her, but as a hint that time was pressing. He knew the difficulty of keeping a boat off and on at such a time.

"Good-bye, mother; dear, dear mother!" Tom whispered once more, unclasping the fingers which were about his neck, gently but firmly, as he spoke, the tears streaming down his cheeks the while.

"God bless you! God bring you safe to land, my boy; my dear, noble boy!" his mother cried, as he broke away from her and disappeared. She would have followed him to the deck, but Captain Broad closed the door and would not suffer her to leave the cabin. Communication with the boat would, he knew, be difficult, and more alarming in appearance than in reality. She sank upon her knees, more occupied with her fears than with her sorrows at that moment. Presently a loud cry was heard on deck; a cry of alarm as she fancied.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, rushing to the door of the cabin and trying with all her force to open it.

The man whom the captain had left on sentry opened it just sufficiently to answer her.

"All's right, ma'am," he said. "They are off."

"What was that shout?" she cried, her fears still prevailing.

"Shout, ma'am? Three cheers for the young gentleman! Lord save him! To see how he went over the side with a line under his arm would have done you good, ma'am. He must be a sailor himself some day, ma'am," the man added, with a satisfied benevolent look, as if auguring for him the highest and happiest future that could be conceived.

Mrs. Howard felt her heart cheered by the seaman's admiration of her boy. She took fresh courage, believing now that he would certainly get safe to shore. From the little window of the cabin she watched the boat leaning over to the sea, almost gunwale under, but scudding along under reefed mainsail and jib.

"Yes," she said to herself, "the Lord sitteth above the waterflood. He ruleth the raging of the sea. He walketh upon the wings of the wind."

CHAPTER IV.—THE OLD SHIP INN.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.—*Dickens.*

It was late at night before young Tom Howard and the pilot brought their boat into harbour; and the short voyage, though it could scarcely be said to have been attended with much danger, was not performed without difficulty and inconvenience. Both the pilot and Tom were wet through before they reached the boat, but neither of them seemed to care very much about that. Tom had been furnished with a line, one end of which was held on the ship's deck, the other being passed round his body with a loop, or "becket," rather for security than use; but the boat having lurched just at the moment when he was about to spring into it he had narrowly escaped being dipped into the water, and the line, together with the pilot's strong arm, had rescued him. It was this that had called forth from the seamen the exclamation of alarm followed by a cheer which had reached Mrs. Howard's ears. Tom bore himself bravely under the trial, and as soon as he found

himself safe on board the smaller craft, went and sat down under the weather bulwarks, holding on to a rope's end. The pilot could not help looking at the boy with admiration, especially when he tried to get upon his feet in order to lend a hand in hauling at the sheet.

"You have been to sea before?" he said.

"Yes," said Tom; "but it's several years ago."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Now I am going to school."

"School!" said the pilot; "well, school is all very well for shore-going people; a year or two won't do you any harm, but you ought to be going to sea soon. You ought to be a sailor."

"By-and-by," said Tom, "perhaps." He did not like to think too much about it after what his mother had said.

"I don't hold with so much of that book-larning," said the pilot's mate, an old sailor, who was steering the boat. "I never had much on it myself. It was not the fashion when I was young, and there was as good sailors afloat in them days as ever there has been since."

"Hold your noise, Bill," said the pilot; but Bill was in a talkative humour, and though checked for the moment broke out again presently.

"It's a'most a pity for a youngster as is already fit to go to sea to spend his time turning over the leaves of a book. I don't see anything in it myself."

Bill could neither read nor write, and seemed to have a grudge against those who had been more fortunate in their education.

"Now I'll tell you a case in pint," he said. "Old Jack Dawes (Jackdaw, they used to call him), he larnt to read when he was about sixty years old; he could write afore that, though; write the whole Bible out, he said he could, though he couldn't read a word of it. Well, he larnt to read at last, and then he said as he didn't like doing things by halves, and so he meant to read every book through as ever was wrote afore he died, and he had a big dictionary and began with that; and he used to be at it every moment he could spare, column after column, spelling away at the letters just like my Sally shelling peas. The letters came apart easy enough, but he couldn't get them together again to make out what they meant, any more than you could fix the peas again in a row as they was; and if anybody said anything to him, he used to say, 'Ah,' says he, 'I should have begun sooner, that's all.' Well, and one day he was a sitting in a boat with the dictionary on his knees, and there came a squall, and he had to let go the sheet as quick as ever he could, and in his hurry the dictionary tilted overboard, and it was a good thing he didn't go after it, for he had like to have capsized the boat with his larning, and they couldn't neither on 'em swim, neither Jack nor the dictionary. So after that Jack gave up studying, and kept to his proper trade. The two things wasn't conformable, and not likely!"

Tom did not attempt to argue the point with the old sailor, but reminded him of the saying, "Learning is better than money and land."

"Yes, sir," said he. "Why and wherefore? 'When money and land is gone and spent, then larning' is most excellent.' That's just what I say; it will be soon enough to think about book-larning when everything else is gone. You should be a sailor, sir; you was born for the sea—my notion."

"I love the sea," said Tom.

"It's your natur' like," the old man answered; "and you should follow natur'. Why and wherefore? Natur' knows best."

"Do you think so? It does not always do, though, to be guided by one's inclinations. One cannot always do what one likes."

"No," said the old man, "that's true; I have heard that many a time. Case in pint. My old father used to say—'Bill,' says he, 'it's a good thing to know where you are, and to be able for to lay your course sure and sartin,' cause, if a seaman don't know where he is, why, where is he? But if so be as you are not sartin of your bearin's, don't run before the wind, but sooner beat up agen it. Why and wherefore? 'Cause its easier sailing free than going about, and it's easier to go wrong than right in most things; so don't choose what's easiest.'"

"That's not a bad rule," said the pilot, who had been listening to the old sailor with apparent unconcern; "keep to windward when you are not sure of your bearings. It's not easy to recover a lee way."

The conversation was not carried on without interruption, and lasted till the boat was near the harbour. It was but a small port, available only for fishing and coasting vessels. The town was old, and inhabited chiefly by fishermen; a place of very little importance except of course to the inhabitants. The pilot's home was there, and he would gladly have taken Tom Howard with him to his house and "turned him in," as he called it, for the night; but he feared the accommodation would not be quite equal to what the young gentleman had been accustomed to.

"Where are you going?" he asked him.

"To a hotel," Tom answered. "Can you tell me of a good one?"

"There's an inn," said the pilot; "the Old Ship. Mrs. Roseberry would make you very comfortable there."

"Old Ship!" Tom exclaimed; "that will do capitally. Where is the Old Ship?"

"I'll walk that way and show it you."

It was not far off; the bow-windows of the coffee-room looked out upon the quay. It was an old-fashioned, rambling house, but had been "done up" and enlarged, with some pretensions to modern development, since the railway had been made with a station just outside the town. Comfortable! yes, it looked comfortable after the darkness and drizzle outside. The bit of red curtain in the bar parlour, visible from the open door of the house, the glasses shining in their racks, as if put there upsidedown for ornament and not for use, and the landlady, Elizabeth Roseberry, sitting in person at her needlework, with plump smiling face, a double row of neat ringlets, and a real cap upon her head, with frills and ribbons, contrasted favourably with the gloom and cold outside. Tom Howard began to be in want of comfort. The excitement of his sea voyage and the pilot's company had served to distract his thoughts for a time from the painful circumstances of his position, separated from all his friends and cast among strangers in a strange place. When he said good night to the pilot, and saw his boxes set down in the passage, and the door closed upon him, he felt as if the last link which bound him to all his friends was severed; and as he followed the waiter into the coffee-room, which happened just then to be empty, the feeling of desolation which came over him was a new sensation, and more depressing than anything he had before experienced in his short but

already eventful life. The waiter turned up the gas and stood and looked at him. "What will you please to take, sir?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter said, politely, as if he had not heard or could not receive such an order as "nothing, thank you."

"I don't want anything," Tom repeated.

"Oh, come!" the man replied, good-naturedly, supposing that the boy was shy, and not accustomed to manage for himself; "oh, come, that won't do, you know; after such a bucketing as you have had. It has been a dreadful passage, you know, and you must want something."

"It was not dreadful at all," said Tom; "and I don't want anything."

"Ah, yes; you feel a little squeamish still, I dare say; giddy and up-and-downish. I know what it is;" and he began to wave his hand before him in half circles, in imitation of the rolling of a ship at sea. "Now, I tell you what. Have a broiled bone for supper, that's the best thing; that's what our gents mostly calls for when they comes ashore after knocking about in rough weather."

"I'm not squeamish," Tom replied; "but I don't want anything to eat, thank you."

At this moment Mrs. Roseberry sailed into the room, smiling all over, from her cap ribbons down to her shoes. She took the poor boy, whose teeth were beginning to chatter in spite of his efforts to control them, under her wing at once, carried him off to the bar parlour, where a fire was burning, closed the door, desired him to change his wet garments, patting him on the back, and calling him "my dear" every time she spoke to him, and made him feel at home, as much at least as outward circumstances could allow of such a persuasion.

"And now, my dear, about the broiled bone; will you have it in here or in the coffee-room? Sam is quite right, it is the best thing you can have, and eat you must, so I ordered it to be done at once."

By this time Tom Howard had begun to feel a little appetite, or rather a sense of something wanting; and though he had but little desire to sit down and eat, he consented to the bone. He would have liked to accept the landlady's invitation to take his supper in the bar parlour, but thought it would be more manly and becoming to go into the coffee-room. Besides which, good, kind-hearted Mrs. Roseberry had begun to offer a word or two of consolation, understanding how he was circumstanced; and he feared that if she should continue in that strain he would not be able to swallow a mouthful, but might even break down altogether in the attempt to answer her, and so betray a weakness of which he would have been ashamed. He thanked her, therefore, as bravely as he could for her kindness, and said he would have his supper in the coffee-room.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUTS OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

THE young and ardent Camille Desmoulins, on the evening of the 12th of July, 1789, suddenly broke from the crowd of Parisians who thronged the garden of the Palais Royal, on learning that their favourite Necker had been banished from the court, and mounting upon a table which had been placed under the noble horse-chestnuts which then shaded

the garden, he thus addressed the assembled multitude: "Let us each wear a green branch—for green is the colour of hope—and let us march against our oppressors." The hearers of these words of Camille Desmoulins were seized with a sudden enthusiasm that bore everything before it. They tore down the branches of the magnificent horse-chestnuts which hung above their heads; they spent the following day in organising their plans and in supplying themselves with arms; and on the 14th of July, with the horse-chestnut branches still twined round their hats, they attacked and took the Bastille.

Those noble horse-chestnuts! How little did their planter think that they would ever serve as emblems of liberty! In the year 1629, the Cardinal Richelieu began to build the magnificent palace since called the Palais Royal, and in the central garden he planted horse-chestnut trees (at that time newly introduced into France), he having conceived the idea of having them trained so as to form one vast canopy supported on arches, and thus to throw a refreshing shade over the whole garden. The cardinal was then in the zenith of his power; a body-guard had just been appointed to attend him; he had triumphed over his enemies, and, in fact, he ruled France more despotically than any absolute monarch. He was wont to say that whatever he willed he did; and as he willed to make his horse-chestnuts magnificent trees, all that man could do, aided by unbounded power and unlimited wealth, was done. It is said that the cardinal expended 300,000 francs upon this garden, and that it amply repaid the wealth and labour bestowed upon it.

In this garden Louis XIII delighted to walk with his favourite minister; and when Richelieu died, he left it and the palace to his sovereign. Louis died a few months after the Cardinal, and the palace, the name of which was now changed from the Palais Cardinal to the Palais Royal, became the favourite residence of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV, during his minority. Under the shade of these horse-chestnut trees did that much praised monarch imbibe his first lessons of tyranny from the artful Mazarin; under these trees were those measures devised which led to all the troubles of the Fronde; and in this garden Mazarin received the mandate which, for a time, banished him from France.

When Louis XIV attained his full power, he gave the palace to his brother Philip, Duke of Orleans, whose wife, the Princess Henrietta of England, drank in this garden the fatal *eau sucrée* which caused her death. His second wife, the witty duchess, whose "Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV" are so well known, delighted to walk under the shade of these horse-chestnut trees, and by her amusing sallies to delight the attendant nobles. In 1787 the Palais Royal came into the possession of the famous Egalité, and, as it was then his great object to be popular, he threw the garden open to the public.

From this period the garden of the Palais Royal became the general rendezvous of the Parisian citizens, and here they met to discuss the measures of the Government, and to organise their plans of resistance to those they wished to oppose. Seats were placed at intervals under the trees; and in the centre, under the shade of the largest tree in the garden (the famous *Arbre de Craoovie*), was a table on which the citizens were supplied by the servants of the Duke with refreshments gratis. It was on this table that Camille Desmoulins mounted when he addressed the people on the occasion in question; and from this tree that the first badges of French liberty were torn. Alas! that they who fought so bravely for freedom should so abuse it when obtained. But their minds had been debased by slavery, and they fought against their oppressors like demons rather than like men.

Soon after the beginning of the Revolution most of the trees in the garden of the Palais Royal were removed, and shops and gambling and coffee-houses were erected, a circus being placed in the centre among the few trees that were allowed to remain. In 1798 this building took fire, and was burnt to the ground, the venerable horse-chestnuts perishing in the flames.

One of these trees used to come into leaf earlier than the others; and it is a remarkable fact that, when Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Elba on the 20th of March, 1815, the only tree in leaf at that early season which could afford his followers green boughs was a horse-chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries reared from the same old stock.

The trees now in the Palais Royal Square are trim elms, with a few acacias. There are no longer any horse-chestnuts.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

IV.—ITS SCENERY (continued).

LEAVING Baden-Baden and its vicinity, we now proceed by rail to Freiburg, in the Breisgau. It has a history running back into the middle ages, relating to Dukes of Zähringen, Counts of Urach, and the Emperor Max; the War of the Peasants, and the Thirty Years' War; and it has a cathedral commenced in 1122, under whose noble Gothic roof it is no small privilege to stand and gaze on nave and choir, columns and arches, stained glass and sculptured monuments. The interior and exterior are worthy of each other. The octagonal tower is four hundred feet high, supporting an open-work spire of ingenious workmanship, and the numerous chapels

and baptistry add immensely to the interest and grandeur of the edifice. The city contains churches and other public buildings, as well as fountains and domestic houses of a picturesque character; and these objects, with charming walks in the environs, may well detain the tourist two or three days. But we now notice Freiburg, because it lies in the western outskirts of the Black Forest, and affords a good opening into a line of road which takes us through some of its best southern districts. Many years ago we drove out of the city one sunny morning on a journey down to Albruck on the Rhine, comprising some of the most famous views in that

direction. First we reached the Kirchzarterthal, a plain bounded by small hills, and rich in its fertility. Then, after passing old towers and castle-keeps perched on rocky hills, and pleasant-looking villages, whose names we have forgotten, we reached the ever-to-be-remembered Himmelreich, signifying kingdom of heaven, a name illustrative of the poetical character of the German mind, which so well knows how, by significant words, to indicate the character of the scenery to which they are applied. Our way here was through a beautiful upland country, deriving its appellation as much from its height as from its smiling aspect. And next to the Himmelreich comes the Höllenthal, or Hades Valley, not so felicitous a designation as the other, though it marks a contrast between the open breadth and rich light of the one and the narrow path and shaded road of the other. The steep sides are full of wood, as well as buttresses and pinnacles of bare rock. Farther on came the Herchsprung, or Stag's Leap, the name reminding us of the Strid, near Bolton Abbey, and then we found ourselves shut in between rocky walls studded with pines and lined with brushwood. The park-like Höllensteig succeeded next, the greensward watered by a river which keeps the wheels of saw mills in constant motion. Then, ascending from the Stein Hill, we crossed green slopes and Swiss-like chalets, and came, after a wonderfully enjoyable ride, to St. Blasien, where there is a good hotel, and where we intended to spend the night. We were a party of four and the house was full; so we had to make our way, as best we could, to a humble auberge a few miles distant, the nearest sleeping-place, and as the evening shadows thickened, we had to forego the magnificent church, the cotton manufactory, the Tusculum Waterfall, and other boasted sights of famed St. Blasien. We did not reach our quarters for the night until after dark, and found we had lighted on miserable lodgings, but we made the best of it, and mounted a ladder-like ascent to the sleeping apartments, where we were disturbed by the arrival of a band of charcoal burners, who, with their horses and waggons and shouting, made a terrible uproar, in the midst of which arose an awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. We slept soundly afterwards, and the next morning we started early for Albruck by the Albthal, the gorge of which, as the carriage rolled along a capital recently made road, high up above the bank of the river, revealed precipices and woods now beautiful, then sublime, and altogether producing a continued series of most agreeable sensations.

In this journey we missed the Feldberg. The Feldberg is the highest mountain in the Black Forest, being 5,000 feet high. It can be ascended without much difficulty by either of the above routes. When the weather is clear the view of the Alps, the Jura, and the Vosges in the distance, and the mountains of the Black Forest all around, is very magnificent.

On the summit of the mountain is a tower twenty-eight feet high, called the Friedrich Louisen Thurm, erected in honour of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden to the Princess Louisa of Prussia.

"The Seebück (4,760 feet) is a place with seats, half an hour's walk from the summit. The view hence is very picturesque. The Feldbergsee, encircled by mountain and forest, is seen below; beyond that Bärenthal, the Seebach river, and part of the Titi

See, with the mountains of Suabia and the Högau in the distance."

"The Feldbergsee is a weird-looking lake in the very heart of the Feldberg, and, like the mountain itself, the scene of strange legends."

"Nothing could be more lovely or melancholy," says the author of "In Silk Attire," "than this dark and silent lake lying in its circular bed, evidently an extinct volcanic crater, overshadowed by tall and perpendicular crags hemming it in on every side, and scarcely ever having a breath of wind to stir its leaden-like surface. The tall, thinly-clad rocks, rising to the circular breadth of white sky above, were faintly mirrored in the black water underneath, and the gloomy stillness of the quiet, motionless picture was not relieved by the least stir or sound of any living thing. This hideous hole, its surface nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, is of unknown depth. No wonder that the superstitious Schwarzwalders have legends about it, and that the children tell you of the demon deer that was wont to spring over the tall precipices above, and so lure on the unwary huntsman and his horse to destruction."

We did not ascend the Höchenschwand, which is said to command "a view unsurpassed in the whole of the Black Forest. It comprises an unbroken view of the Alps from the Bavarian Tyrol to Mont Blanc. From the Belvedere of the hotel, where a good telescope is kept, with a panorama prepared by M. Keller, of Zurich, innumerable mountains can be distinctly seen." A list of names, covering more than two pages, is given in Cook's useful "Handbook for the Black Forest." To read them takes away one's breath. The Höchenschwand lies only a short distance from the road we traversed to Albruck. Albruck is a station on the railway from Basle to Schaffhausen; and thus the traveller can easily proceed to one of the grandest sights in Switzerland—the Rhine Falls. From Schaffhausen there is a direct diligence route to Freiburg through the Höllenthal, the road between it and Schaffhausen differing very much from that by St. Blasien to Albruck. It is many years since we returned home from Switzerland that way, and we have but an imperfect recollection of the scenery, but we feel warranted in saying that the portion of the Black Forest crossed in that direction is not to be compared with the portion we have just described.

We have now to describe another route, the easiest and least expensive of all, whilst it surpasses the rest in variety, novelty, and grandeur. We allude to the Black Forest Railway, which can be reached from Schaffhausen by a branch running to Singen. From Singen you go northwards to Immendingen, the junction of the Black Forest Railway with the Tuttlingen-Rottweil Stuttgart line, by which you can travel along the Upper Danube valley, and visit Sigmaringen, a most interesting place, with a picturesque castle, full of works of art and other curiosities. Here you are within the Black Forest circle of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and can diverge right and left, exploring valleys and climbing hills, and watching the activities of the industrial population. From Immendingen junction the rail runs in a western direction across a verdant village to Donaueschingen, where we must pause for a moment. It contains a population of 3,000 people, is a quiet little town of no architectural pretensions, but it has a palace belonging to the princes of Furstenberg, situated on the edge of a fine park and extensive gardens. Here is a spring of crystal water, bubbling up within a stone basin,

adorned within statuary; and this spring is pointed out as the source of the mighty River Danube—in German *Donau*, whence the town takes its name. It is, however, but one of the sources; and it almost immediately falls into the Brigach, which, united with



YOUNG MAN OF THE BLACK FOREST.

the Brege, rolls on till the stream swells into a mighty flood. By all means the traveller should visit the museum at the back of the palace, where there are capital old pictures by Holbein, Beham, Mabuse, H. Burgman, and other masters, well deserving an hour or two's study. There are also engravings, medals, and armour to be seen. The library, once in the palace, is now removed to a building in the town, where the books and mss. were undergoing arrangement two years ago, but the librarian courteously showed us some imperial documents, with seals and initial signatures, and a Lombardic ms. of the seventh century. There is a good hotel in this interesting town, kept by M. Baurie, a most intelligent and obliging landlord; and from it, by diligence or carriage, excursions can be made to the southern extremity of the forest; to the west the journey can be prolonged by way of Löffingen and Neustadt as far as the Höllenthal and Freiburg. Taking to the rail again, we reach Villingen, a walled town with a double-towered church and a curious Rathaus. Thence to St. Georgen the road ascends, and at Sommerau attains its greatest altitude, 2,800 feet, being the summit of the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine. It is hereabouts that the glorious scenery begins as the tourist moves north-west.

Hence the Black Forest mountains extend in a continued chain, north by west, till they are lost on the plain round Carlsruhe and the neighbouring hills of

the Neckar. They belong to a geological system the same as the Vosges the other side of the Rhine. Granite and gneiss form the substratum, over which rise porphyry beds and red sandstone formations. There is work for the scientific traveller amidst these wonders of nature; and to the unscientific, rounded heights, everlasting breadths of forests, sublime gorges, dislocated rocks, and winding valleys, present a charming succession of objects, bewildering from their variety and rapid succession, as he is whirled along this stupendous work of engineering skill. The line goes zigzag, up and down, now shooting through a tunnel, and then dashing along the side of a precipice. The direction is mysterious, and puzzles one even after repeated journeys. It advances, returns, doubles, one minute winding round, and the next climbing over the picturesque hills. On one side you look up a pine-crowned stony wall; on the other look down into green valleys and bright streams, meadows and mills, villages and scattered cottages. Triberg is a most tempting spot, a few miles distant from Sommerau. The town lies about ten minutes' walk from the station, past signs of manufacturing industry to be described in another paper. A sharp ascent leads up to a new hotel, the Schwarzwald, a Swiss-looking edifice on a lofty height, with a waterfall behind which is a great attraction. We have seen many not worth stopping to look at, but this is an exception to the general order of German cascades. It consists of a deep stream, making seven distinct leaps down a granite gulf decked with rich ferns and surmounted by



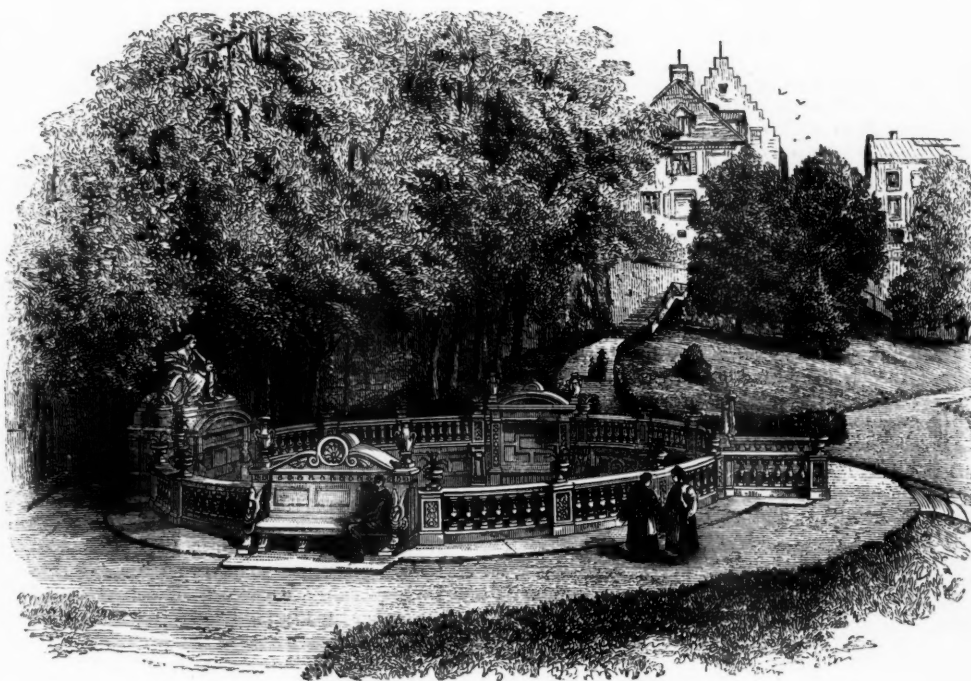
OLD MAN OF THE BLACK FOREST.

dark pines. There are paths and bridges helping you to get the best views, and a glance down the valley over the town toward the railway line is most delightful. From Triberg the line enters the valley

of the Niederwasser, of a similar character to the rest as regards the main features. The charming scenery continues on to Hornberg, whence excursions can be made to the Berneckthal. Hornberg is situated much lower down, and there the valley of Gutach is entered, where, in addition to romantic views of nature, you have curious costumes to look at: rose-trimmed straw hats, a cap of black tulle, a blue

Since that time—we quote from an edition dated 1855—the place has been vastly increased, and figures in the "Daily Telegraph" of September 4, 1875, after the following fashion:—

"This is Rippoldsau in the middle of the Forest, and the water-cure establishment literally stops the way. The farther we proceed up the avenue the more curious does the originality of Rippoldsau



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

or scarlet kerchief, a red-lined jacket, a blue bodice, black petticoat, and blue stockings. The men's black coats have often red linings. Hausach, in the valley of Kinzig, is the next station, in the midst of orchards, woodlands, and meadows, and from this point a road leads to the famous cluster of baths, known as the Knebis Baths, from the pass of that name, which leads from Allerherleigen down to the south point of the Schwarzwald. The baths are four in number and are much frequented, but that at Rippoldsau, two hours' drive from Hausach, carries the palm. Many years ago it was thus described in Murray's "Handbook for South Germany":—

"It is a small village, or rather a collection of accommodations for travellers, where, to their surprise, in the midst of this apparent solitude, they find themselves seated in one of the most singular and beautiful dining-rooms, as a table d'hôte, with from 150 to upwards of 200 guests to bear them company. There are few similar places which in point of scenery, mineralogy, and mineral waters can rival this secluded spot.

"The Vale of Schappach, at the head of which Rippoldsau is situated, is distinguished for the picturesque or rather grotesque costume of the inhabitants, and the rustic fashion of the houses, as well as for its constant variety of pleasing prospect."

strike one. There are tables placed under the trees, and the ladies are writing their letters or sketching; ladies without their hats, and children playing as they would in a nursery, and all this on the high road of the Black Forest. Here we rest, for we can go no farther. There are courtyards and flower-gardens, a pretty miniature chapel up a long flight of steps, winding paths up the hills on either side, detached buildings, of which the pension is composed, and the concentrated essence of watering-place life. It is one of the most compact homes of pleasure I have ever seen, away from the dust, out of the sun, shaded by the trees, cool and quiet, forgotten by locomotives and railways altogether. They do at Rippoldsau just what they do at the thousand and one other water-cures, only they do it in a silent and undemonstrative fashion. They get up at cockcrow, drink water, and take a constitutional down the avenue; they write letters, and doze over books; they take their breakfast under the trees and they dine in state in the middle of the day; they listen to music as they calmly digest; they drink more water, take more constitutions, try a little gentle exercise when the sun has gone down; they ride out, drive out, play cribbage, piquet, and double dummy, romp with the children, eat again, smoke moderately, do crochet-work and

probably, as an illustration of reckless dissipation, they conclude their revels with a *schottische* or a minuet by the old people. By ten o'clock every light in the place is extinguished, the avenue is deserted, the moon and the fairies take possession of the scene; there is a gentle murmur of snoring heard in every corridor, and this is the reason why, if not wealthy, at any rate they are 'healthy and wise' at Rippoldsau."

The most attractive scenery of the Black Forest line terminates soon after leaving Hausach, and the whole journey through it lasts about an hour and a half.

The rapid survey to which we are limited by no means exhausts the resources of the Schwarzwald. We have kept to routes visited by ourselves. But there are others with which we are personally unacquainted. Wildbad is a bathing-place of much resort; it numbered in 1873 as many as 1,000 patients; it is situated in the bosom of dense woods, and the mineral springs have been much extolled by physicians of authority. It can be reached from Baden-Baden by carriage-road, but is more commonly visited by rail from Pforzheim. On our way from Karlsruhe to Heilbronn, last autumn, we passed Pforzheim and saw the preparatory bustle of starting for the baths, but had not time to visit them.

From Wildbad, the pilgrim in search of the picturesque may find abundant gratification by ascending the Enz valley to Enzklösterle, amongst the mountains, and by that means reach the Murgthal; and then descending to Forbach, he can make his way to Herrenwiese, and onwards to Buhl on the Baden-Baden railway. Herrenwiese is in the midst of a grouse-shooting district, and stands on a plain encircled by high mountains. The walk to Buhl is a charming one, according to Cook's Handbook, which tells us "The ruins of Bärenstein, crowning a pine-clad eminence, are seen, and some springs uniting to form the Weidenbach, and afterwards the Büblöth. For a time the path is in thick foliage, with occasional vistas of pretty scenery. At length more extensive views are obtained. A pavilion on a precipitous rock near the path should be climbed up to. The prospect is very fine. The valleys of the Gartelbach (left) and the Wiedenbach (right) lie like two immense gulfs of foliage, with here and there huge rocks projecting. The woods and mountains and pastures of the Bühlerthal lie to the north-west, and beyond these, in favourable weather, the Rhine valley and the Vosges mountains are visible."

To the same useful volume we are indebted for a notice of Badenweiler, a short distance from Mulheim, on the Baden and Basle line.

Badenweiler is a picturesque little watering-place with about 500 permanent inhabitants, and attracting about 3,000 bathers annually. It is situated on one of the spurs of the Black Forest, running down to the valley of the Rhine, 1,400 feet above the sea level, and nearly 750 feet above the Rhine.

The waters of Badenweiler are used externally and internally; and the goat's milk and whey cures are largely used as adjuncts. Hotels and pensions for the accommodation of visitors are plentiful. In the Cursaal is a fine Trinkhalle, besides a ball-room, concert-room, reading-room, etc. The well was dug in 1685. The present building was erected in 1853, after designs by Eisenlohr. In front is a fountain with bas-reliefs; on one side Jesus and the woman

of Samaria at the well, on the other side Moses striking the rock.

From the Cursaal a small park extends to the slope of a hill whereon stands the ivy-clad ruins of a castle, built in 1586, by the Margraves of Baden, on the site of an old Roman edifice. It was destroyed by the French in 1678. North-west of the Cursaal are the ancient Roman Baths, discovered in 1784, measuring 320 feet by 100 feet, with the pavements, and steps, and wall, etc., still in good preservation. The various arrangements for parboiling, steaming, cooling, and anointing the gentlemen of the period are readily distinguishable. On the altar is an inscription, dedicating the baths to Diana Abnoba.

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING."

VII.

HERE, then, a curtain falls before the sovereign. During the eight succeeding years he passed a period of mental and visual darkness; and Mr. Jesse, in his delightful volumes, describes, with touching and eloquent pathos, the closing years of this most eventful and affecting reign—affecting to those who read, as they were affecting to those who saw the sunset of the monarch and the mind. Yet, in this entire darkness, we need not suppose that the misery was unbroken by gleams of happiest light, although, on the other hand, the gleams of occasional consciousness must have increased the sense of desolation. There were occasions when his mind was keenly sensible of the desolation through which he was passing. Such a moment was that when the Prince of Wales, one summer morning, entered the royal apartment. It is possible that the king had felt the sunshine, and heard in the neighbouring room some sounds of cheerfulness. As the prince entered, he heard his father lamenting his blindness, closing his lamentations with the noble words of "Samson Agonistes":

"Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
O first erected beam, and Thou, great word,
'Let there be light,' and light was over all,
Why am I thus deprived Thy prime decree?"

But, happily, religion still continued to surround him with some consolations; afflicted though he was, it was not altogether one long season of distress; he often believed himself to be surrounded by, and conversing with, angels; he was able to enjoy and recreate himself with the delights of music, playing on the flute himself, or on the harpsichord, of which there was one in each apartment. Another musical instrument upon which he played with astonishing precision was the violin. Altogether, insanity becomes truly sublime in the person of this afflicted old king. We are at no loss to perceive the justice of the contemporary description of him, in which he is spoken of as an august old man, blind, wearing a long flowing beard, habited in a dressing-gown of violet-coloured velvet, with the star of the Order of the Garter on his breast; so he paced to and fro his apartments. He was often in conversation with his dead and departed ministers and lords of the bed-chamber; he imagined them often walking by his side. When in such moods, those who listened

heard singular anecdotes and characterisations dropping from his lips; he was cheerful and affable. Twenty-five years had gone by since the notorious Earl of Sandwich had died, but the king walked his rooms with him again, and was overheard, we suppose jocularly, giving him his old nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher." Of course he was not always thus; there were moments when all the sense of wretchedness, isolation, and desolation awoke keenest misery within him.

In 1814, it would seem, some sudden shaft of music had called the slumbering or scattered senses into coherency for a few seconds. The queen had been apprised of his sane conversableness; she found him at the harpsichord, singing a hymn to his own accompaniment. At length the harmony seemed to awaken him to a sense of his terrible condition; he rose from the instrument, fell upon his knees and prayed long and fervently for the queen and for his children, then for his people, and concluded with an earnest supplication that he might either be delivered from his present heavy calamity, or that strength might be given to him to submit with patience and resignation to the Divine will. He then burst into a passionate flood of tears, the coherency of the mind was at an end, and he relapsed into a state of discord and night. We are not sure that any page of history, biography, or poetry tells a more pathetic tale, or invests insanity with a more sublime interest than that of this poor, crownless monarch, with his long silvery hair and beard, in the galleries and corridors of his palace, never for an instant forgetting that he was a king, unless we except one occasion, when he spoke of ordering a suit of mourning for George III, as he had heard that the old king was dead. Then he became deaf. Where, and what was that mind?—for *mind* there was. He never apparently approached to imbecility; he lived in himself, amidst imaginary statesmen, imaginary cohorts of angels, amidst music, and the recollections of poetry; but of the outer world, the world as it was driving round him, or as its affections lay near to him, he was utterly unconscious; battles were lost and won, peace was commemorated with festive illuminations, but he knew nothing of it all. In 1814 there seemed to come a favourable turn, and hopes were raised to the utmost pitch that he would again be restored. It was at the close of the year; then, for the first time, he heard of Napoleon's march to Moscow, of the liberation of Germany, of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, of the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, and the recovery of Hanover to the crown of England; but the hopes of his restoration were very fleeting, and he soon relapsed into his ordinary state; then time and life glided by him as before, and he knew nothing of circumstances as they glided.

Mr. Jesse touchingly says: "The meanest bird that flitted past his palace window was more sufficient for itself than he; the seasons came and went, the sun set and the moon rose, the snow fell, the storm raged, the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, yet, to the vacant eye of that august old man, all was as nothingness."

There were marriages in the royal household; he neither heard the marriage bells, nor could mingle with the marriage festivities. Death passed by him, and touched those nearest and dearest to him, he knew nothing of it; his sister died; his beloved

granddaughter, the Princess Charlotte, and her infant died, and all England sent up such a wail of grief as has seldom ascended for a member of a royal household. He knew it not. His beloved queen died; that life which, in its royalty, had been visited by such varieties of trouble and care since she came from the quiet, paternal palace of Mecklenburg, passed away, after fifty-five years of marriage, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, after a long and painful illness. Quietly, in her easy-chair, smiling on her children round her, her hand in that of the Prince Regent, she expired without a struggle or a sigh. The piety which had characterised her life shed its peace over those last tried days and years. Patient, resigned, and prayerful, nothing contradicted that respect she had deservedly won for the decorous, dignified, amiable, and religious influence she had shed, and for the first time in a long course of years, round the throne of England. Henceforth the guardianship of the king's person was committed to the care of his favourite son, the Duke of York. These changes were quite unknown to the king, and so also was the death of his son, the Duke of Kent. Once, when for a short time his hearing was better than usual, he happened to catch the tones of the Passing Bell of Windsor Church. He inquired for whom it was tolling, and was informed that it was for the wife of one of his neighbours, a Windsor tradesman, a woman he had known, and for whose character he entertained a great respect. "She was a good woman," he said; "she brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to heaven, and I hope I shall soon follow her." But such lucid intervals were very rare, they scarcely occurred once in years. From those brief seconds when the queen surprised him and shared with him his tears and his prayers, he never woke to reason again until that hour—twelve o'clock on the night of the 29th of January, 1820—when the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's announced to the nation that the venerable sufferer had come to himself and gone to his Father, exchanging his phantom majesty for—what he surely received if ever king received—an incorruptible crown. Mrs. Hemans has some fine verses, which we cannot forbear to quote, in memory of the king, in which she refers to those many days of darkness.

"Oh! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,
When sceptred chieftains throng'd with palms to hail
The crowning isle, th' anointed of the sea!
Within thy palaces the lords of earth
Met to rejoice—rich pageants glittered by,
And stately revels imaged in their mirth
The old magnificence of chivalry.
They reached not thee—amidst them, yet alone,
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still; if joy no more
Within that blasted circle might intrude,
Earth had no grief whose footsteps might pass o'er
The silent limits of its solitude!

If all unheard the bridal song awoke
Our hearts' full echoes, as it swelled on high;
Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
On the glad strain, with dread solemnity!
If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,
Alike unfelt the storm that swept it to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,
Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,
Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,
Sustained, inspired by strong affection's power ;
If to thy soul her voice no music bore,
If thy closed eyes and wandering spirit caught
No light from looks that fondly would explore
Thy mien for traces of responsive thought ;
Oh ! thou wert spared the pang that would have thrilled
Thine inmost heart, when death that anxious bosom stilled.

Thy loved ones fell around thee—manhood's prime,
Youth with its glory, in its fulness age,
All at the gates of their eternal clime
Lay down and closed their mortal pilgrimage ;
The land wore ashes for its perished flowers,
The grave's imperial harvest. Thou, meanwhile,
Didst walk unconscious through thy royal towers,
The one that wept not in the tearful isle !
As a tired warrior on his battle plain
Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what mystic vision might be thine ?
The stream of thought, though broken, still was pure !
Still o'er that wave the stars of Heaven might shine,
Where earthly image would no more endure !
Though many a step, of once familiar sound,
Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
And voices breathed forgotten tones around,
Which that paternal heart once thrilled to hear ;
The mind hath senses of its own, and powers,
To people boundless worlds in its most wandering hours.

They might be with thee still—the loved, the tried,
The fair, the best, they might be with thee still !
More softly seen, in radiance purified
From each dire vapour of terrestrial ill ;
Long after earth received them, and the note
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was poured,
As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float,
Those forms from us withdrawn, to thee restored !
Spirits of holiness in light revealed,
To commune with a mind whose source of tears was sealed."

When George III died he had attained the age of eighty-one years and nearly eight months. During his long illness the nation never ceased to regard him with reverence and affection, and probably more tears fell over his memory than had been shed for many sovereigns who had died more immediately in the presence of the active cares and business of the nation. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the night of the 16th of February. Charles Knight saw the lying-in-state and the funeral. Of the first, he says "it was a poem rather than a show; the lying-in-state was something higher than undertaker's art." Of the funeral he speaks as "something grander than the picturesque." Of course there was all the splendid and imposing circumstance of a royal funeral—the torchlight gleaming on hatchments, the blare of trumpets, and the roll of muffled drums, mingled with the minute guns and the toll of the Death Bell! But when the lights were all extinguished, and the wail of the organ had died away, when the church was emptied of its mourners and attendants, and the dead king was left beneath the marble, in the darkness, it may perhaps be felt that less of desolation attached to the thought of him lying there than when he moved

to and fro, an automaton of death in life in the stately palace he had so recently inhabited.

When Lord Byron says, in a line we have already quoted,—

"A worse king never left a realm undone,"

he refers to some of the political events of his reign. It is true that the king's obstinacy caused the just claims of the American colonies to be neglected, but his resistance was sanctioned by his ministers and by the people. If he attempted sometimes to govern instead of to reign, it was not from defiance of the Constitution, but because he thought that constitutional rights were overborne by the aristocracy. He always professed to be acting "for the best interests of the nation," and where he erred, it was from narrowness, not from wrongness of purpose.

During the several last melancholy years of the monarch's life, whatever was the administration under the Regency, and it was surely unpopular enough, the ostensible monarch could not certainly be held chargeable with any responsibility in connection with it; the fact is, during the reign of George III a new order of things was forming in every department of English society, politics, commerce, social life, art, etc. The coming order of things was greatly aided by the king. In spite of the numerous agitations the nation was rushing forward to a period of rest and polished tranquillity; mighty inventions were developing the power of the people; the press was becoming a vehicle of information and an area of strength; cities were growing into importance; religious rights were asserting themselves in language which could neither be mistaken nor contradicted; and when the nation, at the close of the reign, is compared with its condition at the commencement, a fair and impartial review cannot leave a doubt that it had immeasurably and marvellously gained. During the same period other nations round it had as certainly passed through a period of woful decline. Prussia was the only one which had increased its greatness on every side, and given indications of advance towards its present position of strength. France, in all its populations and social characteristics, had drifted down to a state of lamentable ruin, and the sharp course of despotism and decimation through which it had just passed only brought it to such order as is consistent with the false splendour of military passion. George III has never received the designation of "the Great." Louis XIV is usually called *Louis le Magnifique*, or *Louis le Grand*. The reign of the English prince may not be inappropriately compared and contrasted with that of the more highly favoured and much-lauded French monarch. Both extended over nearly the same period of years, but they left very different results. The wars of Louis XIV were those, for the most part, of the merest and most arrogant aggression and oppressive despotism. The most insane of those of George III might plead the apology that they were waged for the purpose of retaining dominions over which the British sceptre had extended, while others had for their object the defence of our shores against an invader, before whom the most considerable states of Europe fell prostrate, leaving our island the solitary home of freedom.

Louis XIV had, by the infamous revocation of the irrevocable Edict of Nantes, exiled industry, piety, and genius from his shores. George III, by lending his kindly sanction, in opposition to most of his pre-

lates, to the great Methodist revival, had fostered piety and industry, and repressed immorality throughout our land.

The debts of France were contracted for the erection of costly and worthless palaces, and the gratification of kingly whims and caprices. No fault can be found with our king on the score of wasteful extravagance to gratify falsely luxurious tastes; his quiet domestic life was satisfied with the houses he found, excepting in the instance of Windsor, which he restored from its ruin and disarray to its present representative glory; and if he left the country burdened with debt, it must be said, as Lord Macaulay has pleasingly demonstrated, it was beyond all calculation better able to support the debt entailed upon it than even to meet the mild political expenses of his predecessor. On the whole, the age of George III, in every particular, whether as regards the growth of the country, the character of the prince, or the state of the people, its nobler statesmen, its great conquerors, either on land or sea, its literary men, or its lowly born inventors and discoverers, should occupy a far larger amount of homage and regard than has been assigned to that which has been called the Magnificent and Augustan age of Louis XIV.

THE LONDON BOARD SCHOOLS AND THEIR WORK.

I.

THE two hundred and seventy-eight schools which, according to the latest report, the London School Board has under its control, are necessarily as different from each other as the various districts in which they are located, and the various circumstances with respect to land, position, and so forth, under which they have been erected. Of the two hundred and seventy-eight, a hundred and eighty-seven have been erected by the Board, and these, with two or three exceptions to which we shall by-and-by refer, may be said to be all on very similar plans as regards their main features. They are substantial-looking brick and stone buildings, comprising three "departments"—three entirely distinct and complete schools, that is to say, one for boys, another for girls, and a third for infants. In most of the buildings there is in each department one large room and one or two smaller rooms for class-rooms. In a few of them—such as the large school in the York Road, King's Cross, which has some 1,400 children on its books—sliding partitions are provided, by means of which the floor of a "department" may be shut off into convenient class-rooms if desired. The boys' department in the York Road may be thus divided into six rooms, each adapted to accommodate 100 boys, the head master being enabled to maintain a general oversight by means of windows in the partitions.

These schools are not perfect. Perhaps most of those erected by the Board may be open to criticism on some points. In one of them, for instance, in all three of the departments we find the light coming in behind the children, or on their right hand, instead of in front and on the left, as of course it ought to do. The floors again are level, instead of being "stepped," as they should be, and as the Board are now making them in other more recent erections. These are somewhat serious imperfections, and in other schools it would be easy here and there to point out other flaws of more or less

importance. On the whole, however, it must be conceded that these new schools of the London Board are models of what public elementary schools ought to be. The Education Department of the Privy Council requires that in no school of the kind shall there be less than eight square feet of space for every scholar. In the Board Schools we find never less than nine superficial feet, and the rooms are everywhere lofty and as light as circumstances will permit. The walls for the most part are simply but tastefully coloured with paint and distemper, and are adorned with maps, charts, diagrams, and pictures. Everywhere the old-fashioned "form," the mere mention of which is almost enough to give many a grown-up scholar a touch of the back-ache, has been superseded by ingeniously constructed desks, of which the front of one affords a comfortable support to the back of the occupant of another. Everything about these schools presents, at least to the casual visitor, an appearance of thorough efficiency, though without the slightest trace of extravagance, while as to comfort and cheerfulness and general convenience they are, taking them altogether, incomparably the best school-rooms we have ever yet had an opportunity of inspecting; and if there were no other benefit likely to result from the establishment of such institutions as these in many of the miserable slums of London, one cannot help thinking that the twenty-five hours a week spent in such rooms in accordance with the requirements of the law, would alone exert an influence almost worth the outlay.

There are general features common to nearly all the schools of the London Board, but there are also innumerable details of arrangement and management for which various local committees are responsible. The Elementary Education Act, 1870, which set all this machinery in motion, permitted the School Board to delegate any of its powers, excepting only the power of raising money, to local boards of management. While the central board, therefore, holds itself responsible for all the main features of this education scheme, there are all over London various committees of ladies and gentlemen who take upon themselves the suggestion of all such matters as the school fees to be paid, the selection of apparatus and books to be used, and of teachers to be employed. All these, and innumerable other minor matters, these school management committees are entrusted with. The members of these local boards give their services quite gratuitously, and are appointed by the central board in the case of new schools; while, in the case of schools which the Board has not actually established, but taken over, the nomination of the managing committee rests partly with the central board and partly with the original trustees of the transferred school. This method of management is adopted from a conviction that a board having personal knowledge of the character and requirements of a particular neighbourhood would, of course, be more competent to deal with it than any committee at a distance could possibly be. The managers have therefore very considerable latitude in all the working details of their respective schools, but they are, of course, subject to the general supervision of the central board, and as it is essential that the schools shall, as far as possible, participate in the annual grants of money which the Government of the country is prepared to make, under certain conditions, for certain educational results, it is, of course, necessary that the managers shall, in all arrangements they make, have

regard to those conditions. They must take care, for instance, that their schools must be "public elementary schools"—that is to say, they must be schools in which the principal part of the education is of an elementary character, and in which the fees do not exceed ninepence a week. They must be open to all comers against whom a reasonable objection cannot be raised, and irrespective of all religious considerations. Moreover, the curriculum to be adopted is, in the main, very clearly marked out by the Education Department of the Privy Council, and set forth in what is known as the "New Code," to which all public elementary schools must conform if they wish to obtain Government grants.

Children are received in the "infants' department" from the age of three, though attendance is not compulsory till five. From three till seven years of age both sexes are taught together. The Kinder Garten system of teaching is adopted to some trifling extent in these infant departments, and would probably be carried on more extensively but for the fact that kinder garten work is not recognised by "the department." No grants are made on account of it by Government, and, so far as the school funds are concerned, it goes for nothing. The individual examination of children from three to seven years of age cannot very well be deemed practicable, and is never attempted by Government inspectors except so far as it may be necessary to satisfy themselves that the children have been under instruction suitable to their age. This point being satisfactorily determined, the department grants a sum of eight or ten shillings to the school for every child present on the day of examination, and who has attended school 250 times during the year. As to what is considered instruction suitable to the age of infants in Board Schools, a tolerably clear idea may be formed from "A Syllabus for an Infant School," appended to a recent report by one of the Board's inspectors. This syllabus assumes that the average attendance is about 300, and that the school is divided into nine sections. The teaching for all of them comes under five headings—reading, writing and spelling, arithmetic, kinder garten, and miscellaneous. In the matter of "reading," the lowest class—the eighth, that is—are employed in "matching letters"—in picking out from a number of alphabets all the letters of the same name. The seventh class is expected "to know all the letters;" the sixth "to read from elementary sheets or from copy on board," and so on, by degrees, up to the first class, which should "master the first thirty pages of Standard 1 Reading-book." Similarly in arithmetic, the tiniest of the scholars are taught to match figures, then to count objects up to ten; in the sixth class "to put down strokes, count balls, bricks, etc., up to ten." Class the fifth should do addition of units up to ten, and the fourth addition and subtraction of units up to twenty. In class 1 "infants are required to add and subtract numbers up to hundreds, and to know their tables as far as three times inclusive." Under "miscellaneous" come such exercises as "action songs," distinguishing the simpler forms and colours, easy definitions in geography, and so on. From the first class the children are passed on to the "first standard," constituting the highest section of the infants' school, in which, under the various headings, we find the following requirements: Reading—"To master the first thirty-five pages of Standard 1 Reading-book;" writing—"To transcribe from reading-book,

to write from dictation a short and easy sentence from the first twenty pages of the reading-book;" arithmetic—"To add and subtract numbers up to thousands, tables as far as the six times inclusive;" kinder garten—"Drawing on unruled slates or paper;" miscellaneous—"Easy definitions in geography, to run up the music scale, and to make thirds and fifths when indicated on the moderator." This may be taken to indicate the maximum of infant-school instruction under the London Board.

At the age of seven boys and girls are drafted off in the generality of Board Schools separately into junior schools. This, however, is not universally the case. There are two or three schools—there is one at the foot of Haverstock Hill and there is another at Jonson Street (or Harford Street, as it has recently been renamed), Stepney—in which boys and girls are educated together throughout their school course, after what is known as the Prussian system. The fundamental idea of this system appears to be that teaching to be thorough and efficient must be carried on by fully qualified teachers. In these "Prussian schools" there are no pupil teachers employed; all are fully certificated, and there is, therefore, no such general supervision required as in the generality of Board Schools is provided for by carrying on teaching in one large room, in which several teachers are employed under the eye of the head master. The school premises are therefore altogether differently arranged. The Jonson Street building stands in the middle of a playground, and, compared with many of the other new schools, is a somewhat bald, unprepossessing-looking edifice. Following the directions of successive finger-plates posted on the walls, the visitor at length finds himself in a lofty hall some eighty feet long and forty feet wide, with a gallery running along two sides of it. One who happens to arrive during school hours is apt to suppose that it is holiday time. There is a raised dais on one side of the hall, and upon this is the head teacher's desk, but there are no scholars to be seen. They are distributed in seventeen smaller apartments opening into this hall or the galleries above. The business of the day commences in these smaller rooms, each of which is designed to accommodate sixty scholars, who are ranged on either side of a central passage, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. They assemble here at ten minutes to nine in the morning, and all undergo a careful inspection, dirty hands and faces being promptly relegated to the admirable lavatories, which form important features of all Board Schools, and to which much of the clean and wholesome appearance of even the lowest grade schools is due. Parenthetically it may be observed that of course all the arrangements of the school for boys and girls are entirely separate, except when actually in school and under the eye of the teacher. After inspection, and a brief drill in moving in and out of desks and so forth, attendance is marked in red ink, and the whole school, which, when full, should number 1,675 children, is marched into the central hall, and drawn up in ranks for "religious observance." The form these "observances" assume varies in different schools, but they are everywhere just a simple unsectarian service. There is usually a hymn sung, then perhaps the reading of a Psalm by the head teacher, who directs especial attention to some short passage of it, which is to be repeated aloud by the whole school, and reference may be made, perhaps, to its bearing on some school inci-

dent, and the children will be requested to keep that passage in mind till the next morning, when questions may be asked about it. After the reading of the Scriptures, and the offering up of the Lord's Prayer, all are marched back to their respective schoolrooms, which now become, to all intents and purposes, seventeen separate and individual schools for boys and girls together, each school being composed, as far as possible, of children working for the same "standard," and all the teaching being done by well-qualified and experienced teachers.

A very interesting specimen of a school on the "Prussian" system is to be found at the foot of Haverstock Hill. In construction this is totally unlike any other Board School in London. It is an irregularly constructed edifice, built in a style of architecture similar to that of the central offices on the Victoria Embankment—the architecture of the renaissance that is—and consists of one floor only. It was not originally designed for this particular purpose, but was intended for an ordinary school, and was adapted to the Prussian system by certain alterations, one of which consisted in throwing a glass roof over an open space between two wings of the building, thus connecting this quadrangle into a central hall.

At the time the writer visited this school last autumn he was particularly struck by its pleasant and attractive aspect. It was a bright morning. In the playground there were several trees laden with fruit, and in the large hall ivies and other creeping plants were climbing up the walls, just as they had done before they were covered in, while from the iron girders of the glass roof wire baskets of foliage and flowers gave an aspect to the place about as different from that of most London schoolrooms as anything very well could be. From this hall the various class-rooms open, and it may be questioned whether anything prettier or pleasanter of its kind could be found in London, or out of it, than this apartment when the doors opened and some hundreds of boys and girls and "infants"—the school is designed for over 1,000 children—came filing in beneath the bright autumn sunbeams glancing down through the ferns and flowers overhead, and fell in perfect order and discipline into their ranks before the head teacher's desk.

These "Prussian" schools were experimental. It is obvious that they must be considerably more costly in construction than schools of the ordinary kind, and that the teaching staff is maintained at a comparatively great cost. It was thought probable, however, that the educational results would fully compensate for the greater outlay. This, we believe, has not been so distinctly perceptible as many were inclined to anticipate, and though these schools could scarcely fail to strike the visitor as coming very near to theoretical perfection for elementary educational purposes, the actual results would, it is thought, scarcely warrant a very extensive adoption of the system at present.

The class of children to be found in the various Board Schools depends of course very much on the neighbourhood. At the commencement of the work, each of the ten School Board divisions of the metropolis was mapped out into districts, and for each division a number of visitors were appointed, whose duty it was to burrow into every nook and corner, and to find out every child not under five or over thirteen years of age, and not receiving proper teaching. The child being found, the requirements of the law were explained to the parent

or guardian, and every effort patiently made to secure attendance at school without anything in the nature of coercion. Such efforts failing, however, the aid of the law had to be invoked, and "Notice A" was served. "Take notice," says this document, "that you have been guilty of a breach of the law in that you have neglected to send your child Goody Twoshoes regularly and punctually to an efficient school, and that you have thus rendered yourself liable to be summoned and fined. This caution is issued in the hope that there may be no necessity to take further steps to enforce the law." Should this missive fail in its aim, "Notice B" follows, calling on the parent to attend at a given time and place, to state the reason of the child's absence from school, and to show to the members for the division cause why a summons should not be taken out. Neglect of this notice, or failure to give a satisfactory explanation, is of course followed by a summons to appear before a magistrate, usually resulting in a fine, which, together with costs, is not to exceed five shillings.

By great patience and perseverance even the Seven Dials was brought at length to understand that while the Board and the magistrates of London were willing to give every consideration to their poverty and to their difficulties, the law must be obeyed, and the new schools in many parts of London soon became menageries of shock-headed, barefoot little bipeds, many of them never before under any sort of control. The task of breaking in such mobs of little outlaws was not likely to be soon forgotten by those called upon to undertake it. Cat-calls, snatches of popular songs, free fights, and acrobatic performances over the desks, enlivened the more strictly intellectual part of the proceedings in some of the schools; and the difficulty with the children was not always all that had to be put up with. It was no unusual thing for an angry costermonger, or a coalheaver who felt himself aggrieved by the receipt of a summons, to step round to the school and pour out his wrath upon the innocent head of the teacher, and more than one appeal to the police magistrates had to be made before the denizens of London courts and by-ways could be made to understand that the teacher really had nothing whatever to do with the issuing of summonses. Occasionally teachers would receive visits of a more friendly character. A parent would bring in a little scapegrace with a particular request that the master would "give him a licking" at least once a day, a request which, as one of the teachers expressed it to the writer, would be made with the air of a man who, while putting it as a matter of favour to himself, was, nevertheless, conscious that he was delegating a duty that any schoolmaster would naturally feel it to be a great privilege to perform.

The steady and persistent operation of the School Board system has effected a great improvement in the behaviour both of parents and children. Parents are rarely known to give annoyance to teachers now, and it has been noted of late, in the lower neighbourhoods of London, that when they have occasion to visit the schools they do their best to put in a clean and tidy appearance, and invariably treat the teachers with far greater politeness and respect. Their appreciation of the school and the schoolmaster is already manifestly raised, a very important step in the great work of educating the lower stratum of our metropolitan population.

Varieties

CHIMPANZEE IN GRIEF.—From study of a fine pair of chimpanzees in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, Mr. A. E. Brown has obtained several interesting evidences of a rather higher degree of mental power than this species is usually credited with. One of the pair lately died, and the behaviour of the surviving one showed beyond question a certain degree of genuine grief. The animals had been great friends; they never quarrelled. On the first cry of fright from one, the other was instantly prepared to do battle in its behalf. It was early in a morning when the female died, and when the survivor found it impossible to arouse her, his grief and rage were painful to witness. Snatching at the short hair on his head, the ordinary yell of rage at first set up finally changed to a cry, the like of which he had never been heard to utter before, and which would be most nearly represented by "hah-ah-ah-ah," uttered somewhat under the breath, and with a plaintive sound like a moan. Crying thus, he would lift up her head and then her hands, only to let them fall again. After her body was removed he became more quiet; but, catching sight of it on its being carried past the cage, he became violent, and cried for the rest of that day. The day following he sat still most of the time, and moaned continuously; this gradually passed away, the plaintive cry became less frequent, but when he was angry it would be heard at the close of the fits just as the sobbing of a child after a passionate fit of crying. It soon became apparent that his recollection of the nature of the past association was becoming less and less vivid; still it was noticed that, while the two used to sleep together in one blanket on the floor, he now invariably slept on a cross beam at the top of the cage, returning to old habit, and probably showing that the apprehension of unseen dangers had been heightened by his sense of loneliness. A high degree of permanence in grief of this nature in all probability belongs only to man.

ZODIACAL LIGHT.—Those who have lived for many years in the zone of the palms must retain a pleasing impression of the mild radiance with which the zodiacal light, shooting pyramidically upwards, illumines a part of the uniform length of tropical nights. I have seen it shine with an intensity of light equal to the Milky Way in Sagittarius; and this not only in the rare and dry atmosphere of the summits of the Andes, at an elevation of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, but even in the boundless grassy plains, the llanos of Venezuela, and on the shore beneath the ever-clear sky of Cumana. The phenomenon was often rendered especially beautiful by the passage of light, fleecy clouds, which stood out in picturesque and bold relief from the luminous background.—*Humboldt's "Cosmos."*

TENNYSONIANA.—An interesting collection of the early and rare editions of the works of the Poet-Laureate has lately been sold by auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. The collection was formed by the late Mr. B. M. Pickering, and used in the compilation of the volume entitled "Tennysoniana," and published by him in 1866. The competition was exceedingly brisk, and the following are the prices obtained for the most remarkable lots:—"Poems by Two Brothers" (Charles and Alfred Tennyson). This little volume contains the first printed productions of the Laureate, and, like all his early works, has pieces which have either never been reprinted or have been much altered. It was published in two sizes in 1827. The small paper copy was sold for £3 17s. 6d.; the large paper, of which there were three copies, for £10 (a presentation copy from C. Tennyson), £8 5s., and £9 respectively. The next lot was a small volume of "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces by Charles Tennyson" only, published at Cambridge in 1830, of which there were two copies, selling for £1 12s. and £2 6s. respectively. Two years after the production of the volume of 1827, which may be said to have been still-born, the Laureate appeared again in print with "Timbuctoo," a Cambridge prize poem, published among other "Prolusions" by Smith, of Cambridge, in 1829. This tract sold for £3. "Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson," London, E. Wilson, 1830, the first edition in which the poet's name appeared, £3 10s. "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," London, Moxon, 1833. This and the volume of 1830 form what is really the first edition of the poems in two volumes; they produced together £20 5s. "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," two volumes, Moxon, 1842, the first edition issued in two volumes simultaneously, £3 5s.; the second and third editions,

each in two volumes, brought £3 15s. and £1 14s. respectively. Undoubtedly the great curiosity of the collection was "The Lover's Tale," a single poem of sixty pages, 12mo size, printed by Moxon in 1833. Authentic information concerning this rarity is exceedingly scanty, and could, perhaps, only be supplied by the author or his intimate friends. This little volume produced £41. Two poems, "The Window" and "The Victim," printed at the private press of the author's friend, Sir I. B. Guest, of Canford Manor. Both of these differ from editions published in more popular forms. They produced the sums of £10 5s. and £10 10s. respectively. The minor lots were as follow:—"The Princess," 1847, £1 11s.; "In Memoriam," first edition, £5 5s.; "Maud," first edition, £1 7s.; "Idylls of the King," first edition, £1 11s. The collection as a whole was almost unique, and the record of its dispersion may make an interesting addition to the "Anecdotes of Literature."

"PRE-RAFFAELITE PICTURES."—In connection with the recent article in the "Leisure Hour" (May part), on Holman Hunt and his "Pre-Raphaelite" school, the following facts may be worthy of consideration. They at least show the estimation in which the public now holds such works of art as compared with that of some fifteen or twenty years ago. At that time Messrs. McLean, the picture dealers, gave Mr. Hunt a commission to paint a picture of a certain size for the sum of nine hundred guineas, the title being "Dolce Far Niente." This work was afterwards sold to Messrs. Agnew for nine hundred and fifty guineas, and eventually to Mr. Maxby for twelve hundred guineas. Three or four years ago, it brought at Messrs. Christie's, two hundred and sixty-five guineas, and on the 20th February last it was knocked down under the hammer of Mr. Holms, of Birmingham, for sixty-five guineas, Messrs. Tooth being the purchasers. Looking at these facts, it would be curious to know how much the celebrated "Light of the World," which I believe was once sold for ten thousand pounds, would now realise, if put up at a public sale, instead of having been presented by Mrs. Combe to the Keble College at Oxford, where no doubt it is looked upon as worth the aforesaid enormous amount.—*J. G. M.*

PRINTERS' ERRORS.—A sporting paper, referring to an accident in the hunting field, said that "in attempting to jump an awkward fence the horse fell, and the river sustained severe injuries." At first sight it is not easy to see what "the river" was doing on the spot of the accident at all; but we presume that it must have been on the other side of the "awkward fence," which, perhaps, being a "blind" one, did not notice its presence. In spite of the severe injuries it sustained, however, the river was able to flow on as usual after the accident, we believe, though subsequent accounts inform us that it has kept to its bed ever since.

THRUST AND PARRY.—With the politics of the following quotation we do not meddle, nor say which side is right or wrong, but refer to it as a clever bit of word-fencing. Sir William Harcourt, criticising the Beaconsfield Government, said it had involved the country in "danger, debt, disaster, distrust, disquiet, and distress." To which a supporter of the ministry replies in the "Times": "This alliterative summary of the sins of the Government needs only the addition of 'disease,' 'damp,' and 'darkness' to make it exhaustive and complete. Sir William Harcourt would have no great difficulty in proving, with as much cogency as is required in addressing a popular audience, that the ministerial policy is chargeable with the prevalence of bronchitis, the absence of sunshine, and the rainy east winds of the past winter."

RYDAL LAKE, FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.—It certainly did look very small; and I said, in my American scorn, that I could carry it away easily in a porringer, for it is nothing more than a grassy-bordered pool among the surrounding hills, which ascend directly from the margin, so that one might almost fancy it not a permanent body of water, but a rather extensive accumulation of recent rain. Moreover, it was rippled with a breeze; and so, as I remember it, though the sun shone, it looked dull and sulky, like a child out of humour. Now the best thing these small ponds can do is to keep perfectly calm and smooth, and not to attempt to show off any airs of their own, but content themselves with serving as a mirror for whatever of the beautiful or picturesque there may be in the scenery around them.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*